

EMPTY EYES

TUMBURÚS - AGRIMBAU



EMPTY EYES

WRITER

DIEGO AGRIMBAU

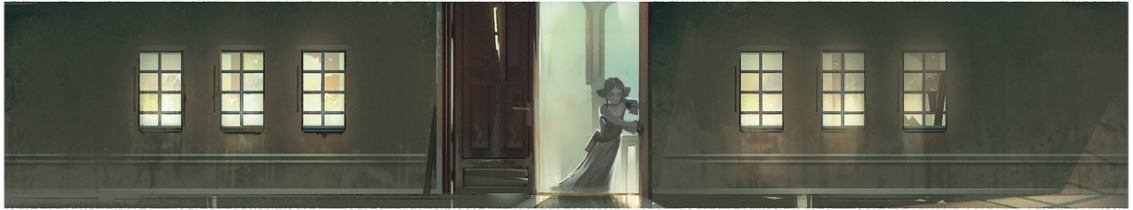
ARTIST AND COLORIST

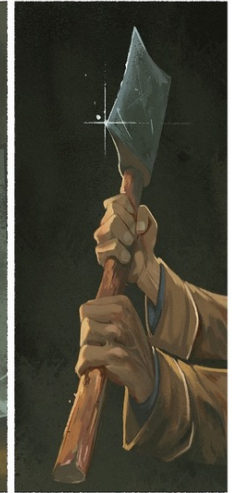
JUAN MANUEL TUMBURÚS













Nice and clean.
I'm getting to be
a real expert
at this.

Mother will
be proud.



This was the
best you could
find? A filthy,
scrawny Pole all
covered in
scars?



There
weren't many
battles last week.
The front's moved--
it's hard to find
fresh meat.

Excuses,
excuses. Now
go get changed
before dinner.



It'll be ready
in two hours.

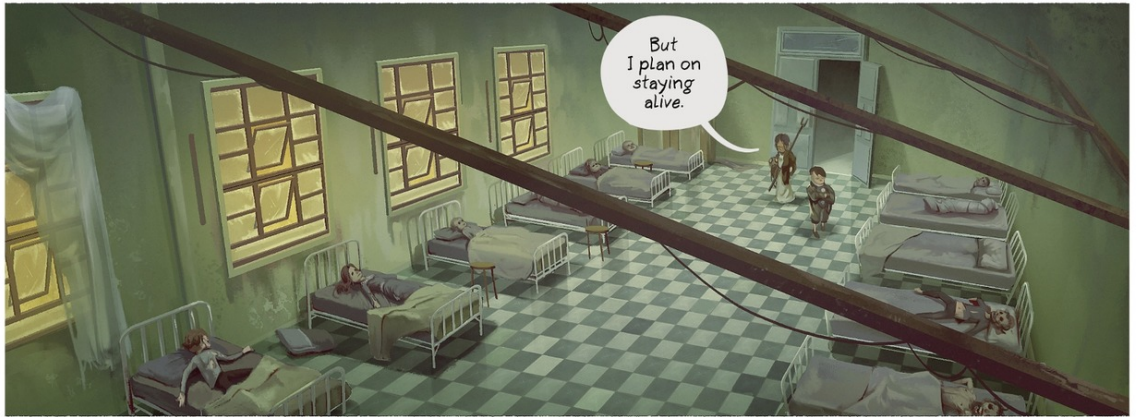
Set out some
flowers on the
table, Ofelia.

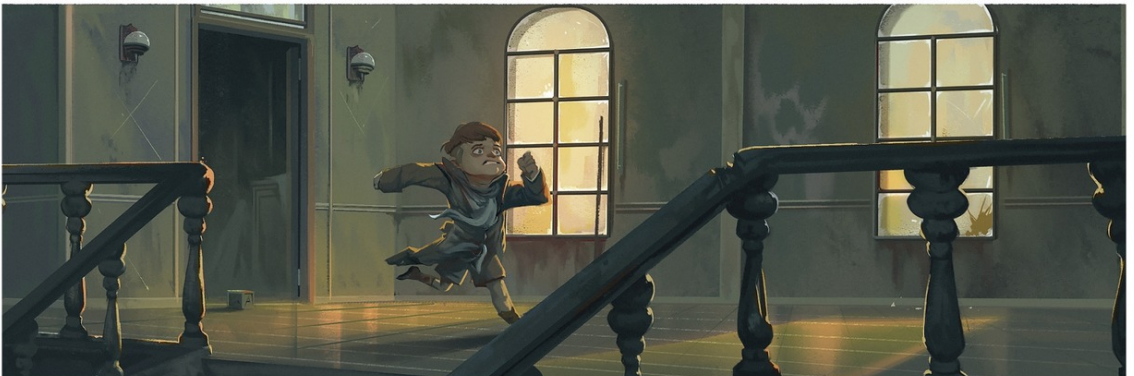
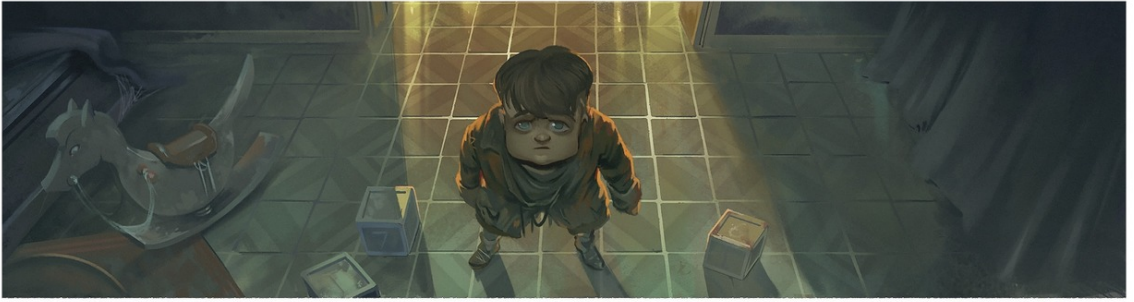
Yes,
Maurice.



I don't
wanna eat
that.

Quiet,
Otto.









* Polish Soldiers



I'm sure
you've got
lots to talk
about.



It may
be chaos out
there, but not
in here.



You're not the
only one who's
made a great
sacrifice!



My parents
gave their
lives to this
orphanage!

I'm the
only Nurk
left. It's last
hope.



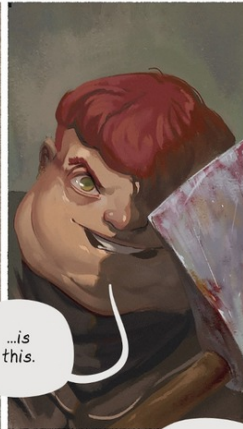
Once the war's
over, hundreds
of orphans will
pour through
our doors.

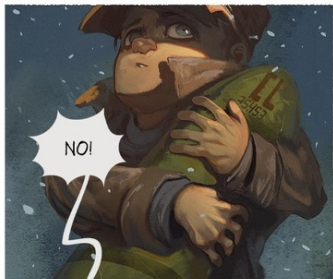
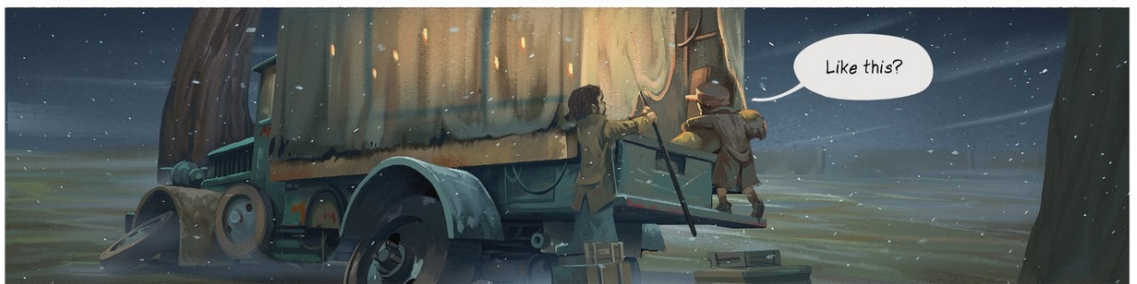


And with any
luck, we won't get
hit with typhus
again...

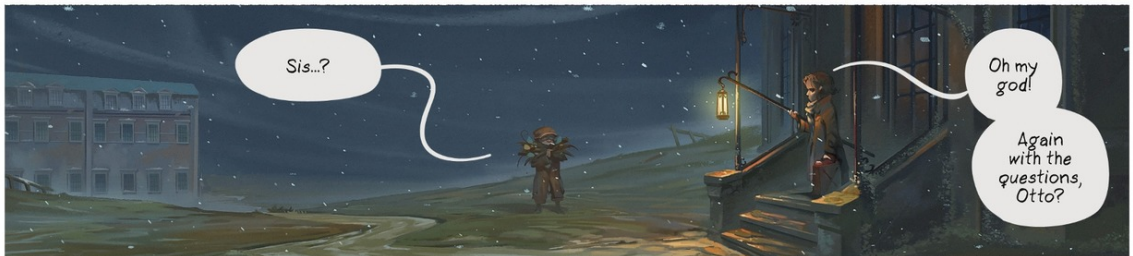


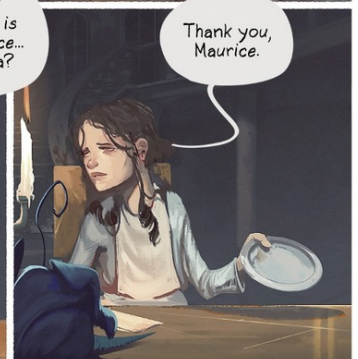
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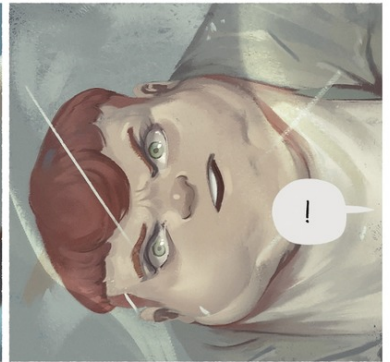


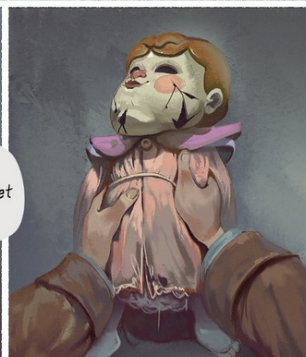
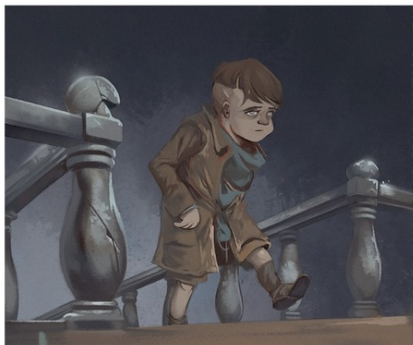














Knock, knock.



I hate coming in here. But Simona doesn't need her doll anymore.

So I've brought her to you.



Is that what you wanted? Will you leave me alone now?



Stop!

It wasn't me who took them!

Hey, snotface!



What are you doing in here?





Sorry, Mother. I should have come earlier, I know. I was busy...



Don't say that, Mother! I'm doing all I can!



But it's dangerous.

Yes, I know, the flowers would stay fresh longer if I left the curtains open.

Soldiers have been patrolling the area.



I have to keep you safe, Mother. You're my family. All I've got.



I'm doing this for you, and for the orphanage.

And really...



...a little bit of gratitude wouldn't hurt.



By the way...

...what should I do with the last two orphans?



I need advice, Father.

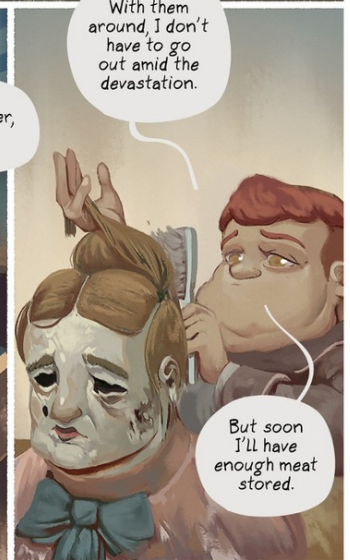


I'm tired of them.

The entire orphanage wiped out by typhus, except for those two. Unbelievable.

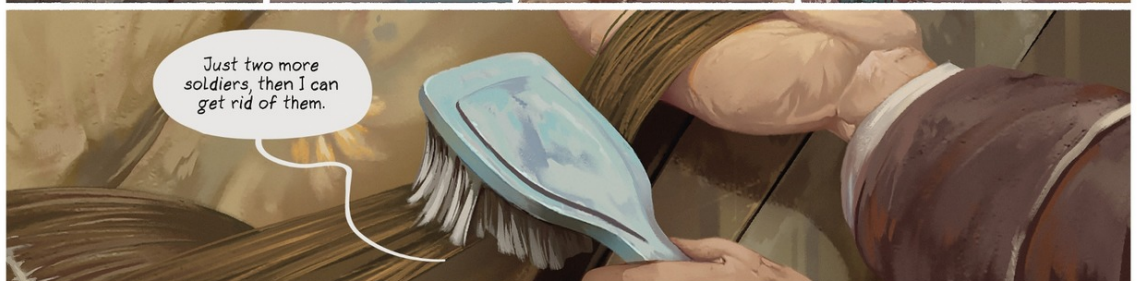


Yes, Mother, I know.

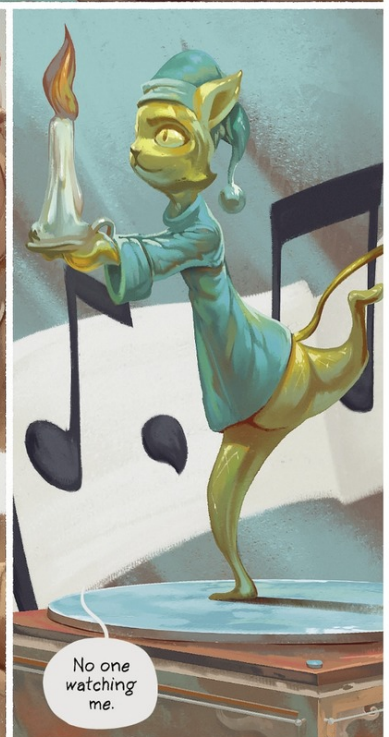


With them around, I don't have to go out amid the devastation.

But soon I'll have enough meat stored.



Just two more soldiers, then I can get rid of them.









At last...



I knew he'd figure it out.



He's afraid of us.



Of course he is...! Have you seen us?

He'll get over it.



How long have we been dead, Amelia?

Two years?

Three?



Look at my hair! They could have fixed it up a bit.

Well, it always has been a mess.

That's enough, Simona.



Let's go for a little walk.

Nothing to say, Jan? Quiet as always.



See, Sofia?
Your hair wasn't
any better
before.

Very
funny.



They didn't
move our
bodies.

I don't
mind. I liked
my bed.

And the
living
ones?



Look how
much Ofelia's
grown!

That'll
never happen
to us now.

She
looks
thin.



Hi,
Otto.



It's me, Jan.
Remember?

Wanna
play?



Give him
some time,
Jan.

He's
afraid
of us.



But soon
you won't have
to be afraid
anymore.

We
promise.



Now then! You two ready?



The fighting's further off now. We might be a while.



Then get a move on.



Got that?

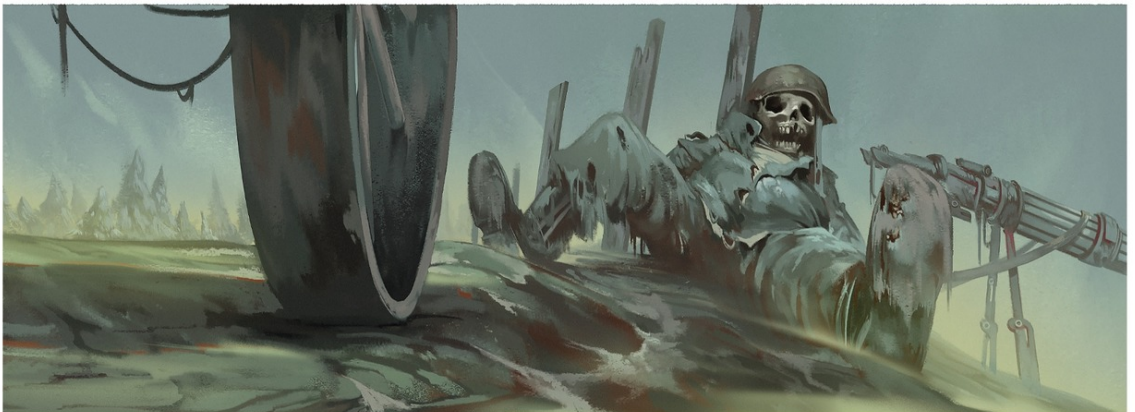


Yes, Maurice.



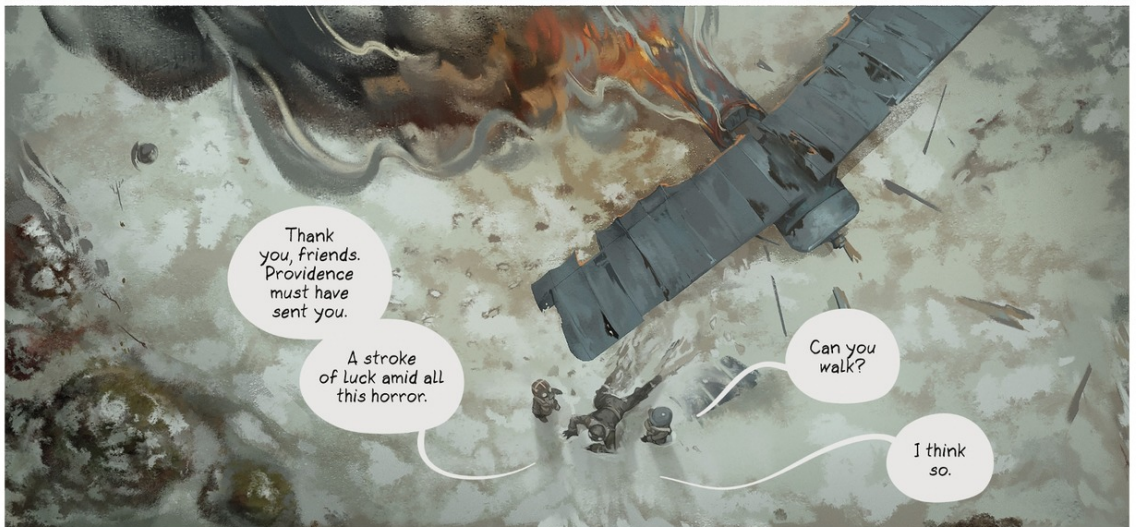
Don't bring back anything with scabies!

We don't need another outbreak!





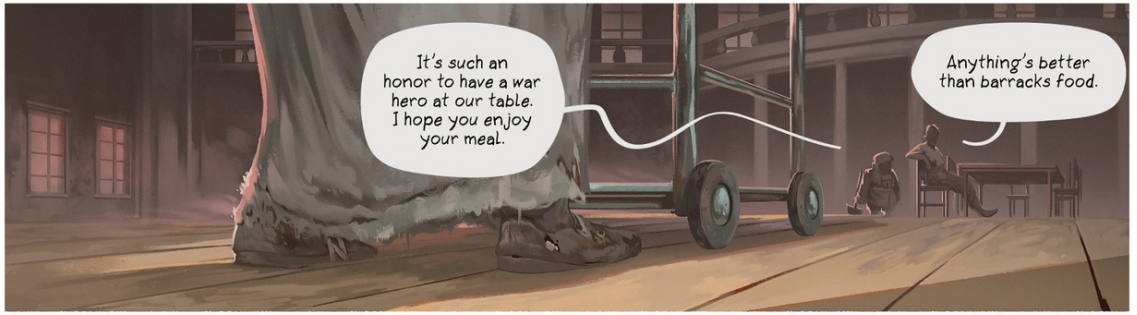




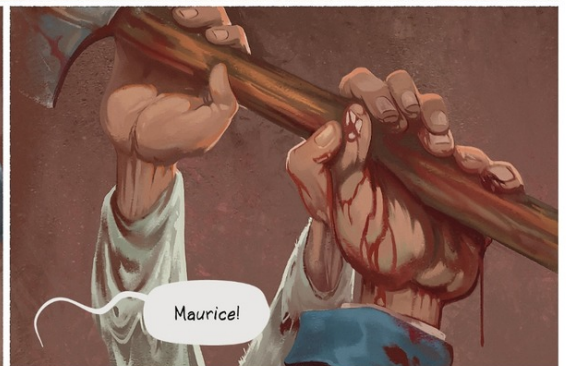


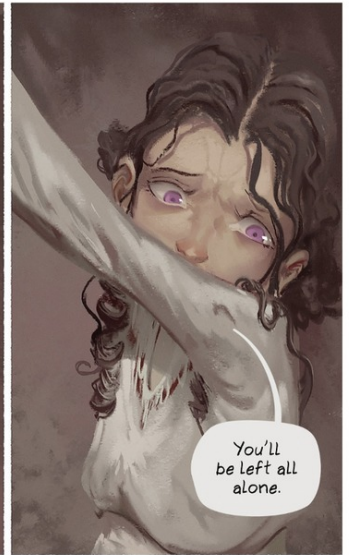














Know what, Lieutenant? Ofelia's right.

I can't get rid of them... yet.



Even if I'd like to.



If my calculations are correct, I still need one more body...

...to make it through the winter.

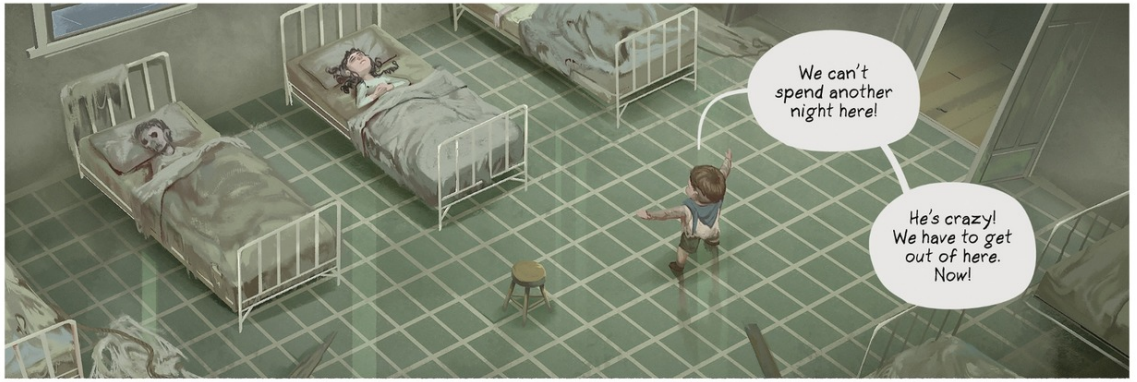


So thanks for your contribution, soldier!

Your sacrifice was not in vain!



Don't move, just a moment.



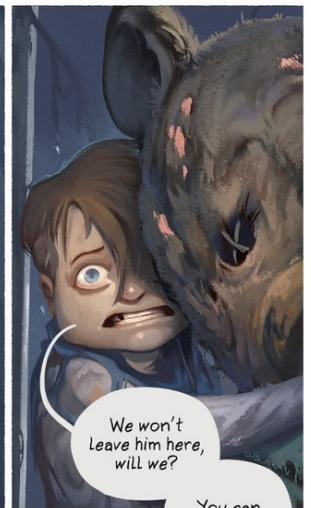




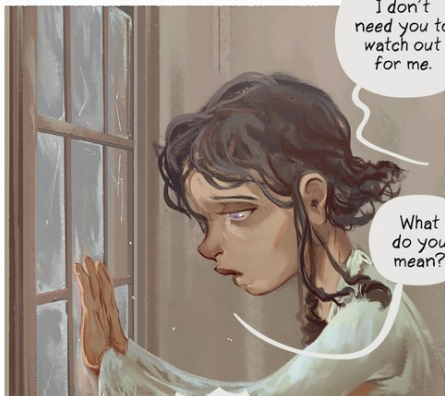
















Out of the way. We're leaving. You don't need us anymore.



Don't make this harder.

You knew this time would come.



Don't fight the inevitable.

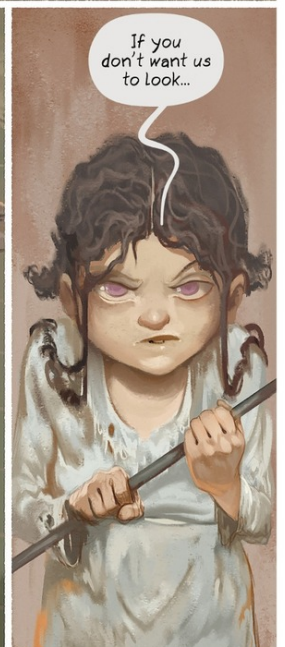


I've been too soft on you.



It's time to join your little friends.

Stop looking at me.



If you don't want us to look...





No answer.

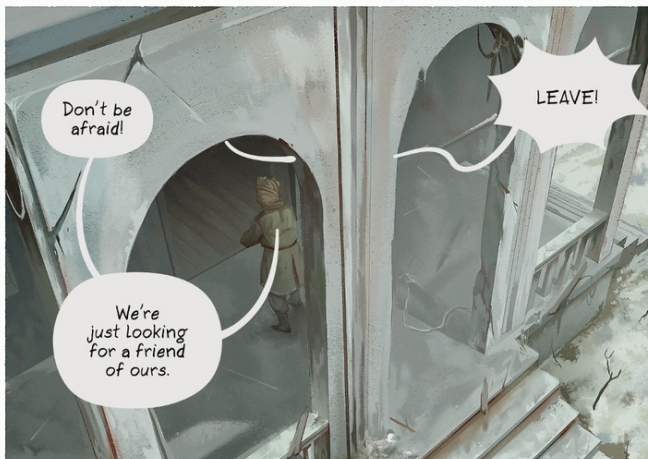
Strange.



What d'you think?

Fresh footprints all over... child-sized.

Let's go in.



Don't be afraid!

We're just looking for a friend of ours.

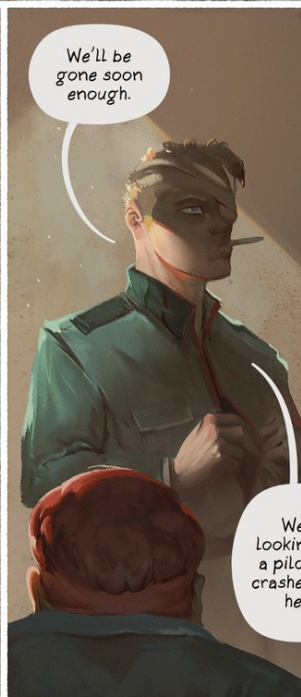
LEAVE!



This is private property! You're not welcome here. Get out.

Hello, sport.

I'm Sergeant Jürgen Buchwald of the Jagdgeschwader I division of the German Air Force.

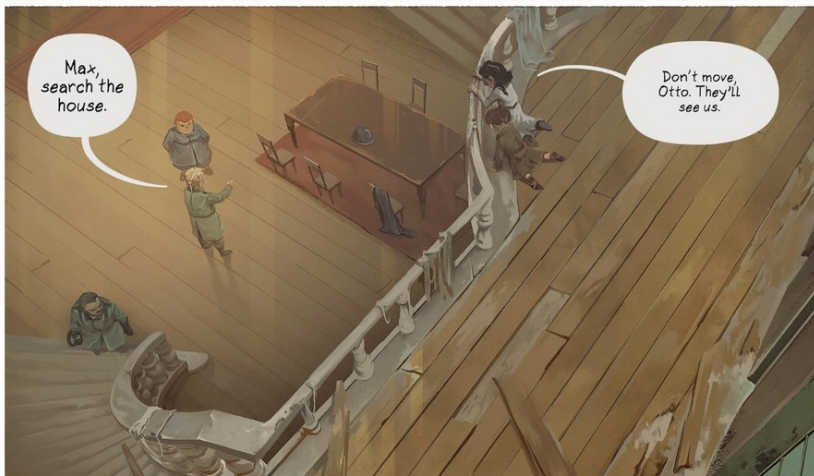
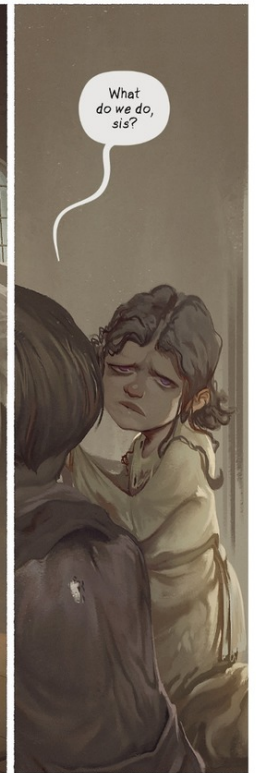
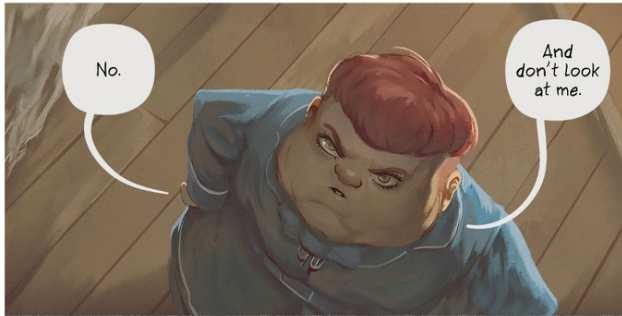


We'll be gone soon enough.

We're looking for a pilot who crashed near here.

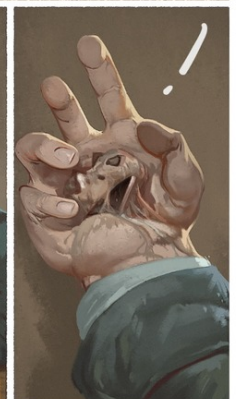


Seen him?





















We have
to get out of
here.



But what can
a bunch of dolls
do against trained
soldiers?

We see
everything. And
they can die...



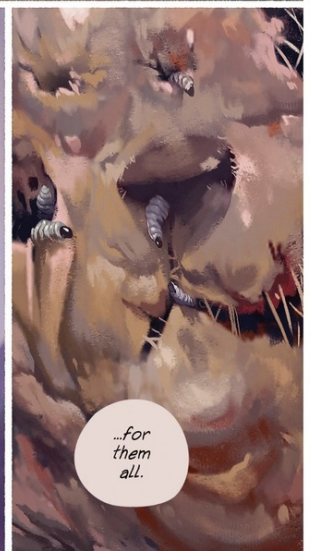
We
can't.



It's only
a matter of
time...

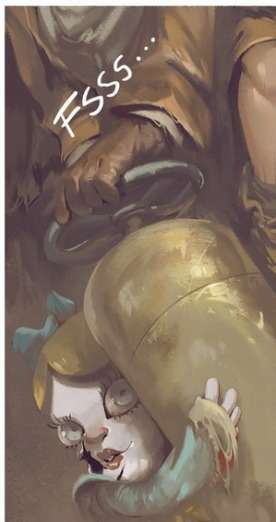


...before
death
comes...

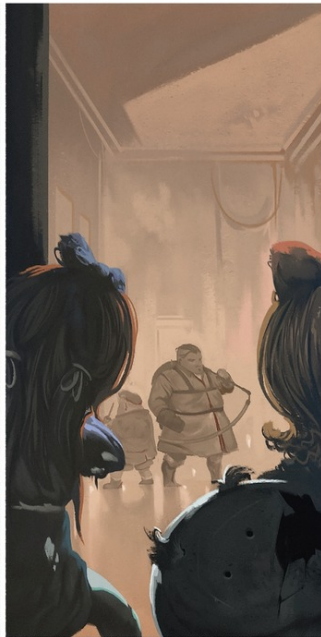


...for
them
all.

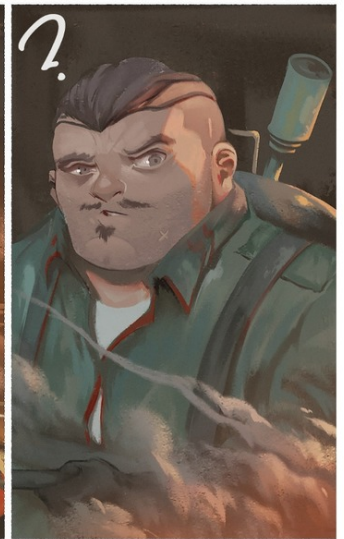




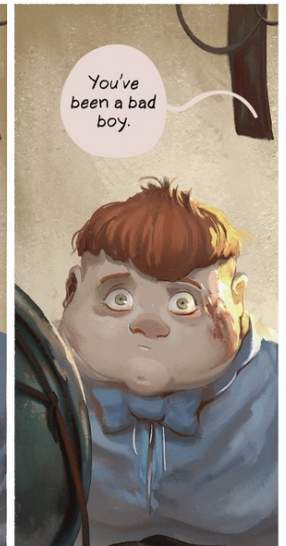
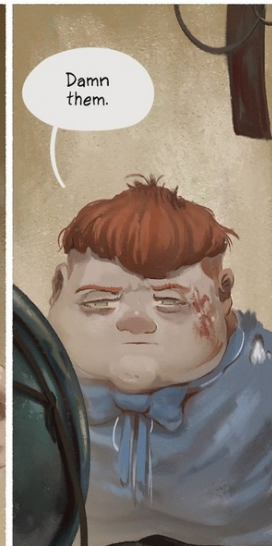
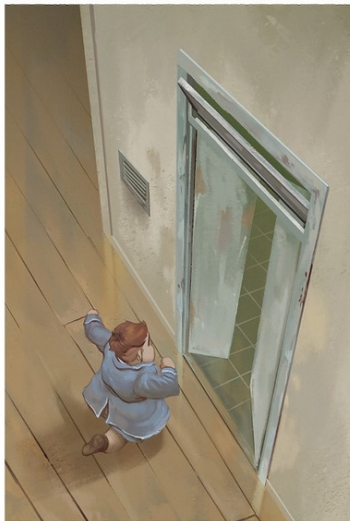




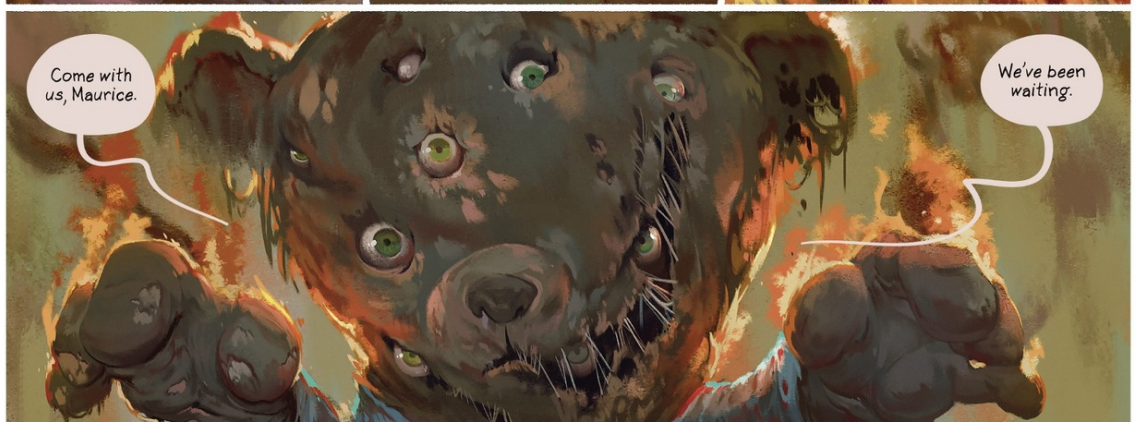








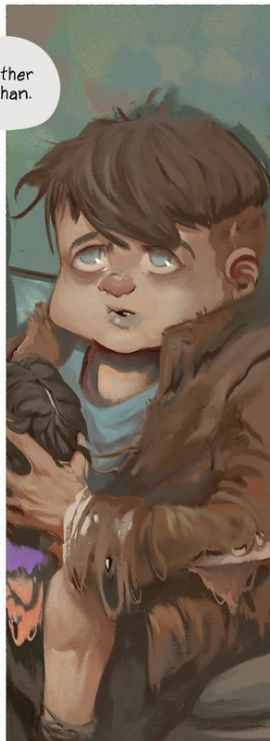
*Nurk Family















Dedicated to Dante, with all my heart.

Juan Manuel Tumburús

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